The Rambler 1929





BETTY O'CONNOR Editor

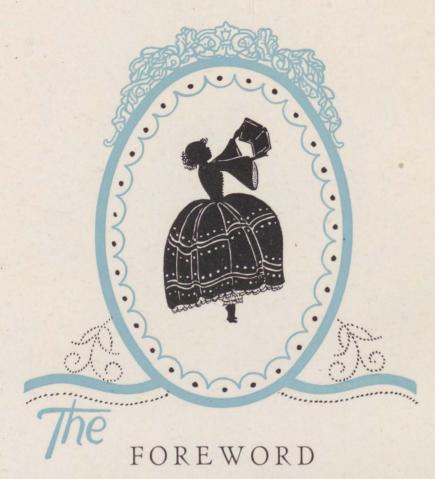
DIANTHALIN LOLLIN
Business Manager



RAMBLER

1929





To paint a picture of school life at Rowland Hall; to make that picture truly representative of our work, our play, our accomplishments, and our ambitions; to create a book to be treasured not only now, but also in the years to come, because of the many happy hours it recalls; this is the purpose of the staff in presenting the seventh volume of the RAMBLER.





ORDER OF BOOKS

FACULTY CLASSES

ACTIVITIES

FINE ARTS ATHLETICS

FEATURES





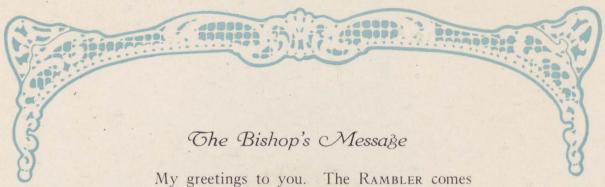
DEDICATION

To Mrs. Francis Senter Bascom, the first graduate of Rowland Hall, in the class of 1881, and now one of the school's most loyal alumnae, the class of 1929 lovingly dedicates the seventh volume of "The Rambler."





Mrs. Francis Senter Bascom

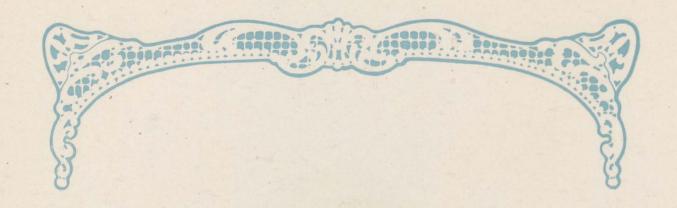


when the flowers come. The RAMBLER is published when the campus grass is green and the campus trees are full of blossoms. The RAMBLER is put into our hands in the full springtime, as the school year draws to its close. So the school stays with us through the summer and our vacation days are brightened by this book. Time and talent, wit and wisdom are in the making of this book. It is a joyous labor. Into the development of a student go many influences. The languages, the sciences, the histories of nations all train the mind and character. Our school must provide all these things. But we must never forget tha tthere is another important influence which is powerful for development, and that is fellowship. That is one of the fine th8ings about a school like Rowland Hall. The friendships that are formed within our lovely school are lasting, because they are built up within a school which stands for the great ideal of splendid womanhood. It is out of this friendly fellowship that the RAMBLER grows, and that is why we all give the RAMBLER a glad greeting and read it over and over again. May it always grow out of this good soil, and bind our hearts more tightly to the Hall.



THE RIGHT REVEREND A. W. MOULTON

Bishop of Utah; Rector of Rowland Hall

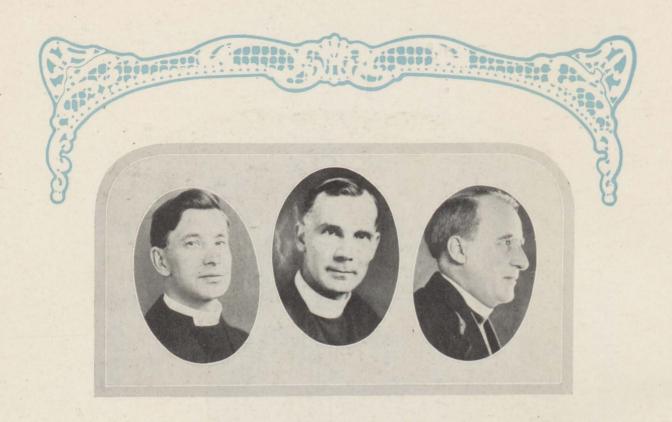


The Dean's Message

Christian education embraces all that is best in secular education plus the spiritual, ethical, and cultural advantages that Religion supplies. It not only stands for the highest scholastic ideals, but in addition, it furnishes scope and opportunity for spiritual culture and development. During the past fifty years, Rowland Hall has constantly endeavored to furnish this type of education, recognizing the truth of Saint Paul's statement, when he said, "In everything ye are enriched by Him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you; so that ye come behind in no gift."



THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM W. FLEETFOOD Dean of St. Mark's Cathedral; Chaplain of Rowland Hall

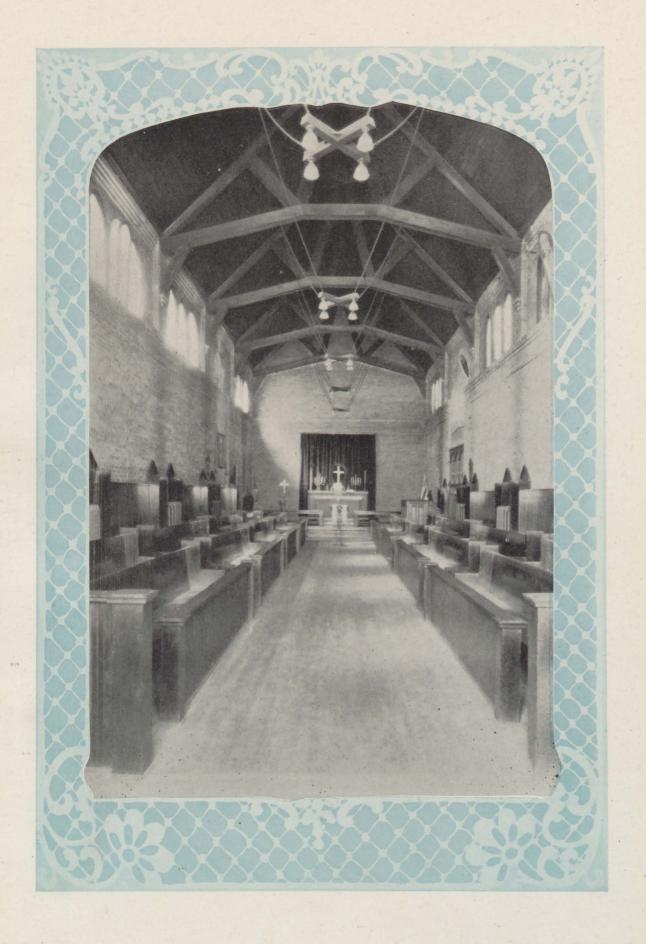


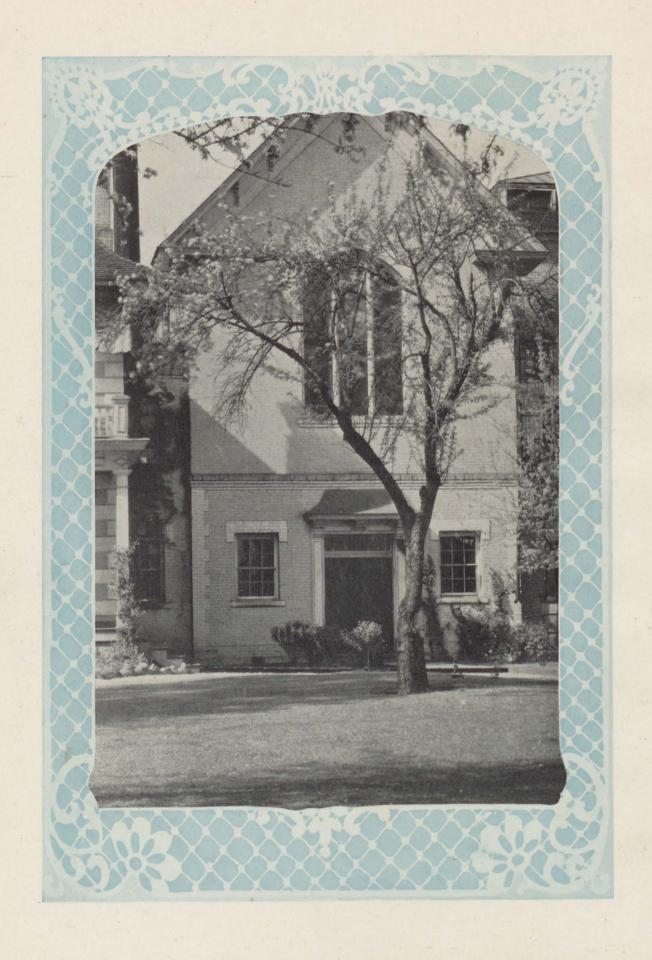
THE REV. ALWYN E. BUTCHER THE REV. HOYT E. HENRIQUES Rector of Saint Paul's Church

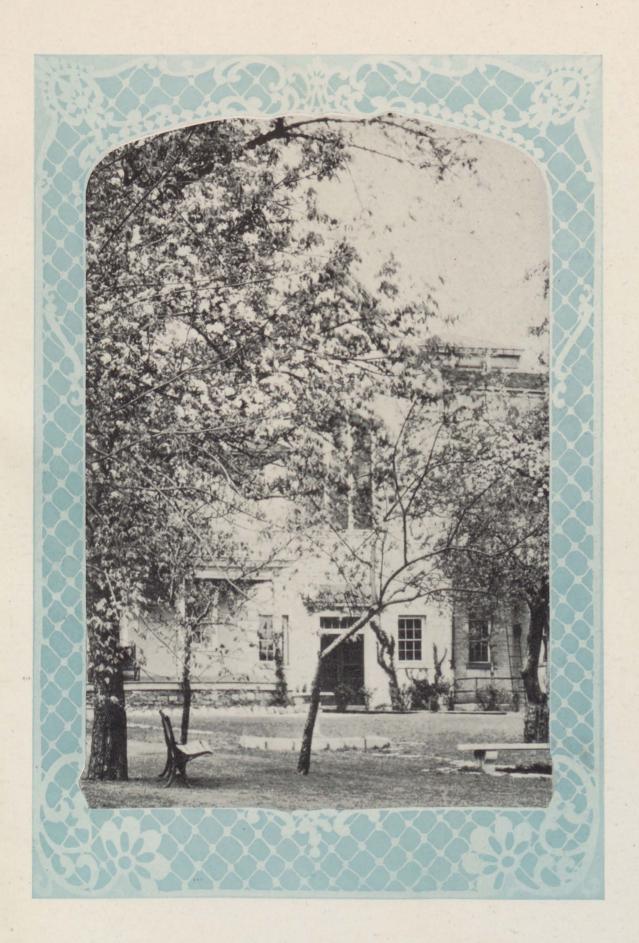
Rector of Saint John's Church

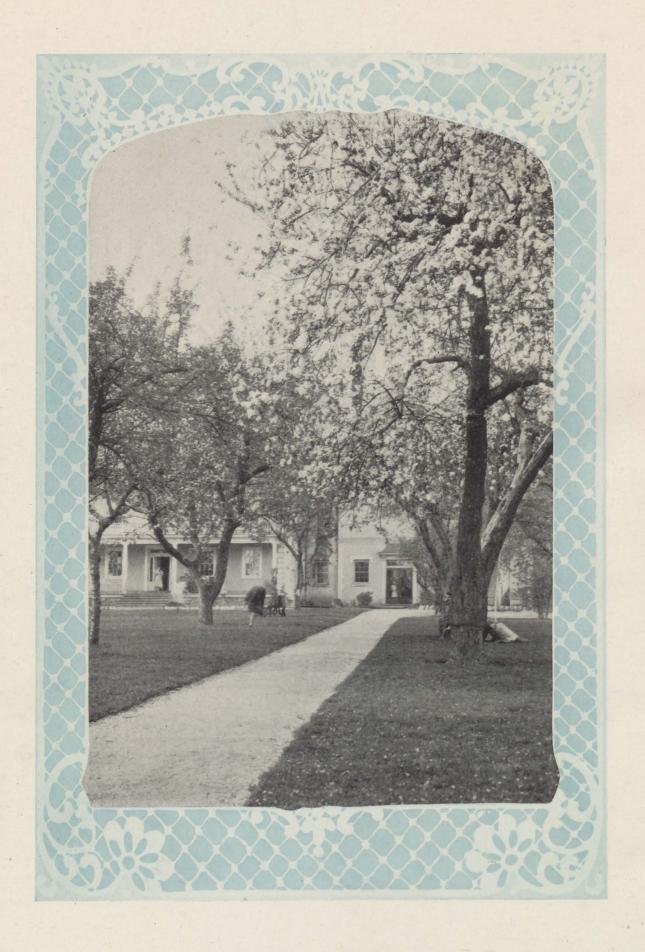
THE REV. A. LEONARD WOOD Rector of All Souls' Mission, Garfield

THE REV. JAMES LESLIE HAYES Vicar of Saint Paul's Church











FACULTY





MISS CALLIE B. GAINES

Principal of Rowland Hall



RENA RAE VAN FOSSEN Instructor in English University of Michigan Leland Stanford University

MARION BROMILEY Instructor in Mathematics University of Pennsylvania Advisor for Class of 1932

MARJORIE BERLE Instructor in Latin and History Radcliffe College Advisor for Class of 1929

FANNY JONES Instructor in Bible and History Advisor for Class of 1933 Training College of British and Foreign School Society Darlington, England

> ANNA DU BOIS Instructor in French LYCIE FERRY PARIS La Sorbonne

ROWENA K. DAHLQUIST Instructor in Physical Education Sargents School for Physical Education Advisor for Class of 1931





GWENDOLYN McREYNOLDS Sixth and Seventh Classes University of Wyoming

BETH WEBBER Primary Classes Valparaiso University Iowa State Teachers College

EDNA FARNSWORTH TRAUL Fourth and Fifth Classes University of Utah

LAWRENCE E. EBERLY Head of Music Department University of Utah Columbia University

MARIAN MACMURRY Instructor in Vocal New England Conservatory

GEORGE E. SKELTON Instructor in Violin Trinity College London





MARY AGNES SULGROVE
Instructor in Dancing
Vestoff-Serova
Imperial Russian Ballet School

SARAH C. REA House Mother

FRANCES SELBY RAGAR

Instructor in Art

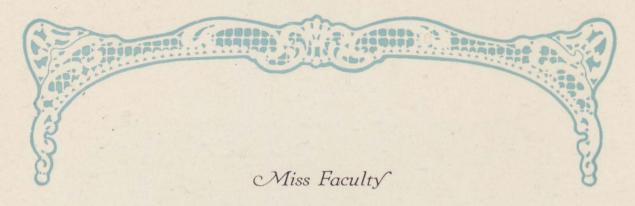
University of Utah
Chouinards School of Art

F. A. GREGORY Business Manager EDNA WEBER

Secretary

Simmons College Boston
Advisor for Class of 1930





This is a meek attempt to make A teacher quite ideal; And so from our fond Faculty These attributes I steal:

The knowledge Miss Van Fossen has For she must be well-read; Miss Bromiley's pep and sportsmanship Without which she'd seem dead.

Miss Berle's eyes and eye lashes To beautify her face; Mrs. Dahlquist's lithe figure To add a touch of grace.

Since clothes indeed do make the man, She shall have Ma'm'zelle's style; What kind of creature would she be Without Miss Weber's smile?

Mrs. Jones' fair-mindedness And pleasantness toward all; Miss Gaines unquenchable desire To better Rowland Hall.

I hope that after all's been said You will agree with me, That if she ever should exist, You'd like Miss Faculty.



CLASSES



O, Beauty ye guiding gleams of light,
Fairer than dreams of night,
Dear mirror of the soul.
Within the heart alone,
Lies there a part of truth . .
Not from the senses roll all that is known,
But from the heart of beauty is
Beauty from beauty born.

Shining fair the blue of skies above
Are the soft eyes of love
Which light the heart of truth,
So it will dwell in rest
Within the dell of life—
Not from the world or youth,
But from the breast .
Rings forth the knell of beauty
From beauty is beauty born!

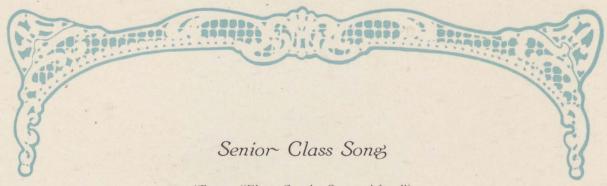
All around the fleeing day of light The fading ray so bright
Has more than gleaming gold.
Splendor divine within,
Outward, must shine to tell
Not from the world or fold,
Nor from life's sin . .
But from the mine of beauty
It beauty from beauty born.





SENIORS





(Tune: "Flow Gently Sweet Afton") Strive onward, Ye Seniors, Along through the years; Strive onward and upward And conquer thy fears. Let truth be thy watchword And victory is thine, Make honor thy armor And faith be thy sign. Let hope be thy banner, And kindness thy shield; Let virtue be chosen The sword that you wield. Then battle together And when it is done, Then Seniors rejoice, Life's battle is won.

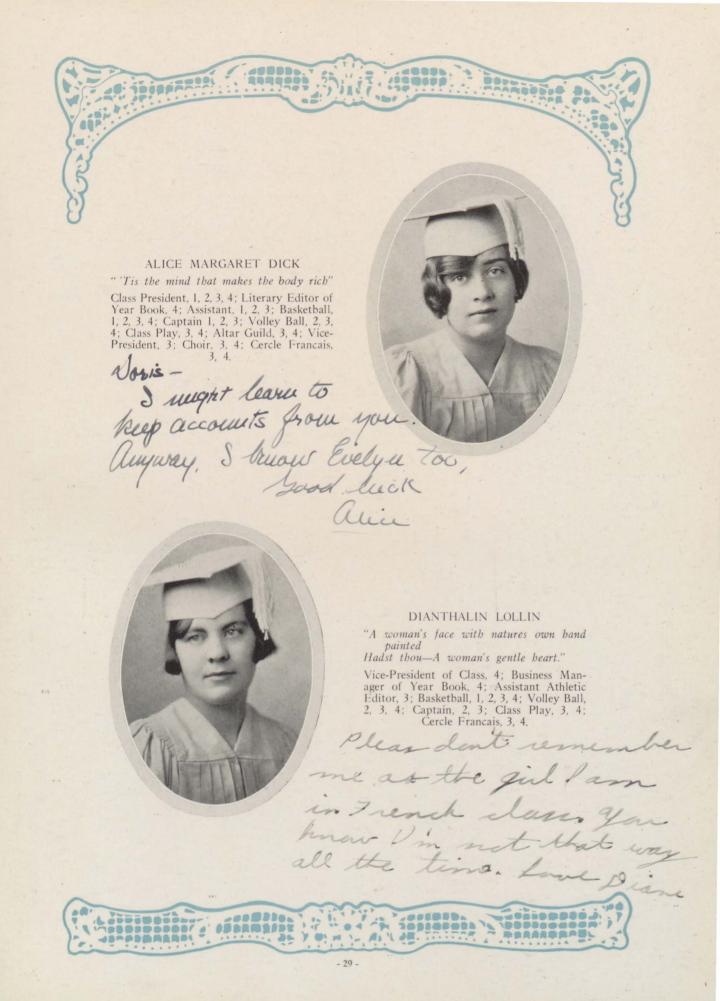
-Alice Dick

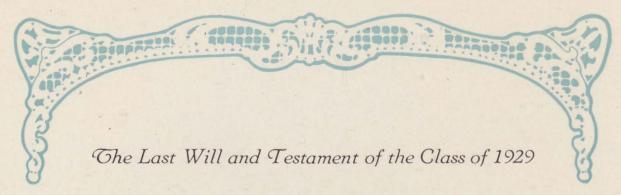
Motto: Look before you leap.

Colors: Blue and Gray. Flower: Forget-me-not.

CLASS OFFICERS

Alice Dick				. President
Dianthalin Lollin				Vice-President
Margaret Skelton .			Secr	etary-Treasurer





Know ye all that we, the class of one thousand nine hundred and twentynine, being neither deaf, dumb, blind nor feeble-minded, and acting with the customary disregard of insignificant opinions, do hereby publish and declare our last will and testament, all former ones being null and void:

First. To the Faculty, we offer our deepest sympathy for their incomsolable loss at our departure.

Second. To our beloved Sophomores, we leave our 'ability to do all thingh with quiet efficiency, and our never-failing happiness and patience.

Third. To the Freshmen we bequeath our red flannel nightgowns, in gracious return for the pajamas.

Fourth. To the Eighth class, we hopefully bequeath our uniforms and the dignity they clothe.

Fifth. To the Juniors, we leave our drug store bills.

Sixth. To anyone who has the moral courage to stage their sixth production, we leave our Mummer Plays.

Seventh. To Doris, Dorothy bequeaths her collection of dime novels, who, after diligent perusal, shall pass them on to Miss Van Fossen.

Eighth. To Anne, Blitz, after deep deliberation, leaves her letters from numerous devoted swains.

Ninth. To Bacchus, Diane bequeaths her ability to keep study-hall in docile submission.

Tenth. To Gerry, Alice leaves her high marks, with orders to throw away the alarm clock.

Eleventh. To Dedo, Betty leaves her agility in manipulating her hair, on condition that the former will not make use of it in study hall.

Twelfth. To Elizabeth, Di and Betty leave their popularity with Ma'm'zelle.

Thirteenth. To Helen, Dorothy leaves her large bone hair pins.

Fourteenth. To Jane, Margaret bequeaths her violin cases, provided the former does not attempt to use them as shoes.



"Ten years from now to the very day, Strange you seek Future's prey; But I alone can truly say The fate of six who pass this way.

Resplendent, shining, famous one, Burning fame like burning sun. Opera, music, a career begun; Sing on Dorothy, your voice has won.

I see in her home our sweet Diane, Skillfully tipping a frying-pan; A girl who wills, a woman who can, A charming wife, the lucky man.

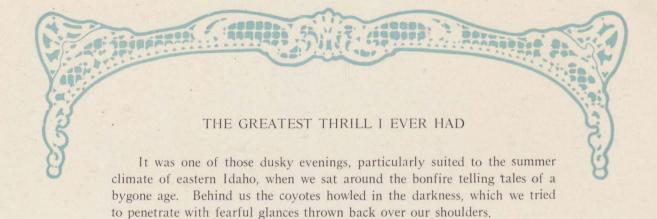
At nine o'clock begins her day;
File and clip the quickest way,
All joy turns to Saturday;
Blitz "stenog," so they say.

Under the shade of a wide-spread tree
The Lady Kent is pouring tea,
A favorite queen of society.
Betty's the name as it used to be.

Seated high upon a stool,
Holding aloft many a tool;
A pen, a pencil, a twelve-inch rule;
Alice, ye gods, she's teaching school!

You will, you beg, you ask, you tease; From Fate you cry on bended knees: "Open the years, give us the keys." The Future's known; now does it please?

-Alice Dick



Slim was in the midst of one of his most fictitious yarns, a story of a panther's den he had come upon in one of his travels. "An' the pesky varmint sprung at me," he was saying. "Them critters shore is mad when they's frightened. Well, I grabs aholt of his tail, an' afore he coulda done anythin', I up and turns him inside out. We-uns had chow fer a week after."

The fire flickered and a half-burned log cracked. We all started, then laughed nervously. Then suddenly a wild cry rang out in the night. We were frightened almost out of our wits. Another one peeled through the air. "The Indians must surely be on the war-path," we thought. Slim had sprung to his feet. "Suthin' wrong, folks, he exclaimed, and we all agreed. Tom said, "Someun's gone plumb crazy. Le's go find out what the trouble is, Slim." They started off, we following them with our eyes dilated until their forms were lost to sight in the impenetrable darkness.

We shrank back, shivering. I heard a maniacal scream, followed by a bright flash and a loud report. Then all I could think of was safety. Turning around, I started to run, screaming at the top of my lungs. I heard someone running after me, and I doubled my speed. Suddenly, some huge obstacle loomed up in front of me. I swerved, but hit it hard. It was soft, yielding, and when I struck it a hiccough issued forth and then, "Wha's tha'?" came a thick question. "Oh—oh—oh! Shay lady, s'chuse me. I'm ish lookin' for some water. My horsh ish thirshty." It was the cook from the lower ranch.

By this time, Mike had arrived, and the inebriate was firmly gripped by the collar. The foreman came up, and together they piloted him away. It seems he had been stealing Dad's corn to make liquor and had installed a still in the granary.

The girls and I walked back to the house and, though my parents did not come until long after midnight, we sat up waiting, armed with the mopstick, a butcher knife, the stove-poker, and an unloaded twenty-two. The nick still remains in the fire-place where the cook's bullet struck.

—Dorothy Drake, '29.







JUNIORS





(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")
Come rally round your standard bright
Hail thirty, the orange and white,
The burnished splendor of the sun
Shall through the countless ages run,
And with the broad expanse of snow
Proclaim your name both high and low.
Then Juniors to the call reply,
And to your prowess testify.
Ours it is to carry on,
Ours the cloak of fame to don.
As ever onward rolls each year,
Let ring your paean loud and clear.

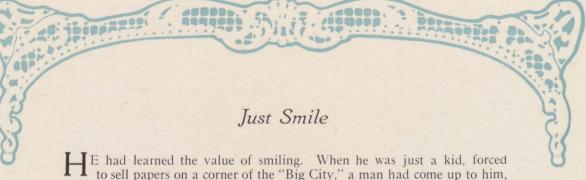
-Geraldine Hosmer

Motto: Good, better, best,
Never let it rest,
Till the good is better,
And the better, best.

Flower: Pussy Willow.

Symbol: Wildcat.

Colors: Orange and White.



HE had learned the value of smiling. When he was just a kid, forced to sell papers on a corner of the "Big City," a man had come up to him, a man with a jovial face. He had said, "Smile, boy," and Tad had grinned at the very absurdity of the request forgetting for a moment his little empty stomach. The man had said, "Good." He gave him fifty cents.

Even now, as a tried and proved soldier, soaking in the muddy trench of France, he could call up vividly the ecstacy with which he had eaten "something decent"—all he wanted—for the first time in a year. He smiled hungrily at the remembrance. He wouldn't mind having that satisfaction right now, after a breakfast of hard tack and a morning of drizzle and schrapnel fire.

A companion, seeing his smile, moved closer and observed, "Don't see why you're alwuz a-grinnin', pard, grinnin' when Comp'ny A gets relieved 'n we stay here to rot in this hole without no breakfast,—might be in Paradise or the other place any minute and yet you grin. What's the use?"

"Try one yourself, old man, just loosen up your face."

Just then the sergeant appeared. "Tad," he said, "Go out there and see if the Germans are still in that trench. And good luck," he added in a more friendly tone. Tad was ready, and as he wormed himself forward on his belly like a snake, his eyes burned with a deep eagerness and watchfulness,

Half an hour, an hour, passed without his return. The men began to cast anxious glances out into the smoke and darkness into which Tad had disappeared. He was their "luck." Where he was, there also were jokes, however grim, and courage. Now for all they knew, he had gone West.

Their anxiety was relieved by the order to attack. Well! they would show the Germans something, if they couldn't find Tad. But they did. He was half staggering, half crawling toward their lines. As he fell, his face was contorted in an agony of pain, which yet parodied a grin. One of his fellows lifted his head gently to his knee and with clumsy, yet surely tender fingers brushed back the matted hair. The others, gathering round in spite of the hail of lead, heard him gasp, "Germans—preparing for mass," a convulsive shudder, "attack. Guess—I got—mine." With dying eyes he looked affectionately into his pals' faces. A brave smile. The men were ashamed of the wetness under their eyes. And his invincible lips became still forever. An instant they stood; then, suddenly, they were moving forward, eyes purposeful and mouths relentless. It went hard wit hthe enemy that day. A brief, bloody struggle—and the trench was theirs. But what mattered that, bitterly thought they—some friends dead; others wounded; and their "luck," Tad,—gone.

-Helen Keyser





GERALDINE HOSMER

IS: Impetuous HAS: Nightmares

NEVER: Touches earth

LETA HAVILAND

IS: Naive HAS: Troubles ... NEVER: Is intolerant

ANNE WALLACE

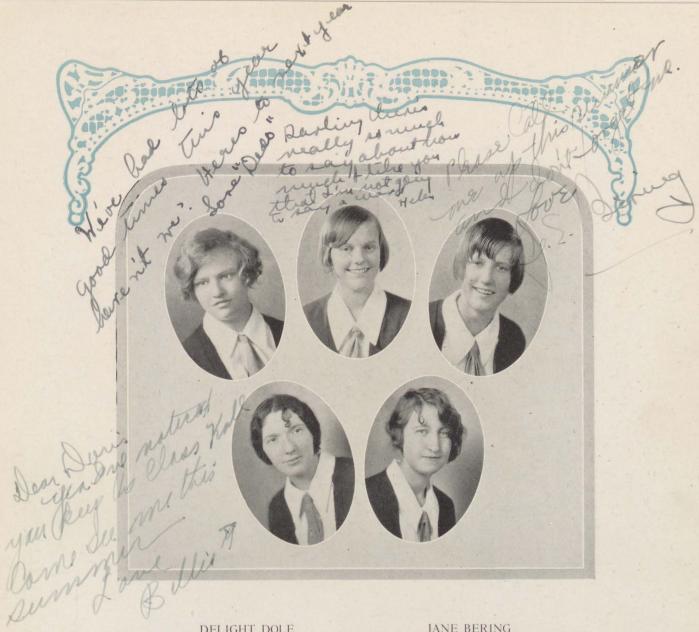
1S: Sphinx-like

HAS: Future possibilities NEVER: Loses her poise

HELEN KEYSER

IS: Consistent HAS: Ideas

NEVER: Complains



DELIGHT DOLE

1S: Conscientious HAS: "Beans" NEVER: Frowns JANE BERING

IS: Elongated HAS: Personality NEVER: Worries

DORIS HUNT

IS: Painstaking HAS: The class kale NEVER: Eats lunch

MARY E. HAWTHORNE

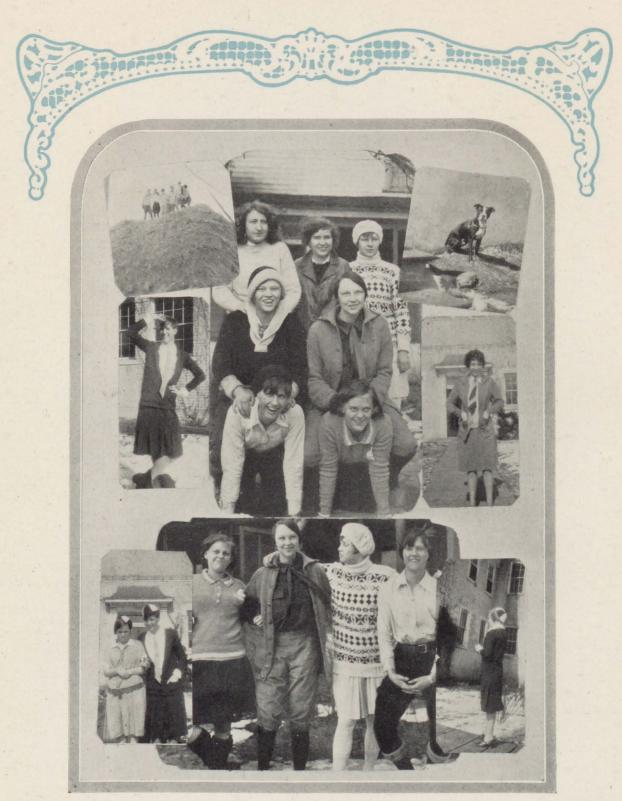
IS: Nonchalant HAS: Independence NEVER: Yields

ELIZABETH BOICE

IS: Candid

HAS: Boxes from home NEVER: Hurries





A SMILE SOME GRINS AND OTHER EXPRESSIONS

SEEN ON THE BOARDWALK OUR FAVORITE—"BEANS" GREETINGS

HAY GIRLS!
THOSE PLAYFUL JUNIORS

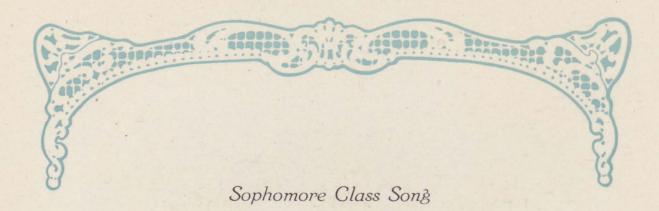






SOPHOMORES





(Tune: "Stars and Stripes Forever")

Oh, Sing to the Sophomores of old,
Their standards we'll try to uphold,
As onward and upward they prest,
Always striving for the best.
Although stony, steep be our trail,
Hearts and voices will never fail,
Our aspiration true,
Oh Sophomores, Oh Sophomres,
We'll follow you.

-Martha Page Porter

Motto: Live and Let Live.

Color: Flame.

Flower: Bleeding Heart.

CLASS OFFICERS

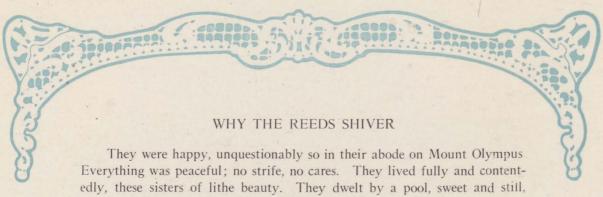


MARY JANE CALDWELL
ELIZABETH PREAS
BETTY SMITH

VIRGINIA ALLISON MARTHA PAGE PORTER JANE CHRISTENSEN

LAURENA McBRIDE
MARY MOULTON
DOROTHY DEARMOND





Everything was peaceful; no strife, no cares. They lived fully and contentedly, these sisters of lithe beauty. They dwelt by a pool, sweet and still, whose water tasted like the dewdrops of a May morn, and the "hurrying hounds of heaven" scurried across its mirrored surface on their never ending journey. They were famed throughout the heavens; Great Jupiter deigned to stop by their pool to drink of the water and to hear their melodious song as it was wafted through the breeze, soft and low. They showed no impartiality; they sang the same songs to the beggars as they did to the greatest of the gods. They granted their favors unsparingly to one and all.

And they thus lived, growing more kind and beautiful each day. Gradually their fame spread not only over Mount Olympus, but even to the mortals dwelling below them. The mortals, ever covetous and greedy, desired the fragrant pool and its twelve guardians. Twelve mortals, more daring and covetous than the rest, climbed one night to Olympus and stole the pool and its guardians, taking them down to earth. They were acclaimed heroes by their fellow men, and all mortals came to drink of the pool and to hear the songs the maidens sang.

But now their hearts were sad; they longed for the cool, peaceful calm of their home. The pool became briny from the tears they shed, and their song was a dirge. Jupiter, having seen the twelve mortals who had stolen his prize possession, in fury threw a thunderbolt that split the earth wide open. The maidens stood calmly by their pool, confident in their hope that they would again see Olympus. But the twelve mortals stood watching them and as the maidens, with their escorts of gods who had come to convey them back to Olympus, began their upward climb, the mortals seized them. Not even in the face of their own destruction were they willing to give up their choicest prize. In the struggle that ensued, the mortals, clinging to the maidens, slipped into the sluggish river formed by Jupiters thunderbolt. The ods took flight to Olympus to get their instructions from Jupiter. The King of the gods, looking down, saw the twelve maidens, their hair flying, their faces in agony, striving to reach Olympus. Fearing that their experience in the land of mortals would change them so, that on their return to Olympus, they would be ever mindful of the journey, he turned them into reeds. The mortals, he turned into sedge to be ever clutching and holding, unable to get away from those slender beings to whom they had brought so much trouble. And the reeds shiver, sighing and swaying in the wind, forever seeking far Olympus; crying out on the wind, their song mournful, weird, despairing.

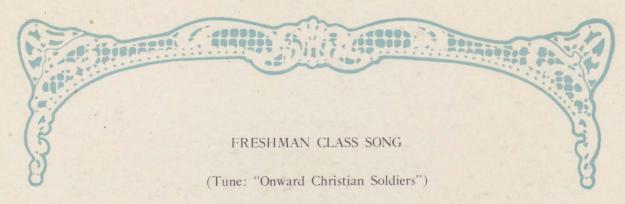
-Mary Jane Caldwell





FRESHMEN





Onward then ye Freshmen,
Join the happy throng
Of the upper classmen,
Now it wont be long.
Soon we shall be mighty,
We wont be left behind;
If we uphold our motto
Nothing can us bind.

Chorus:

Onward then ye Freshmen,
Sing Excelsior,
Ever onward, Upward,
Shine forever more.
—Mary Virginia Murgotten

Motto: Excelsior.

Color: Green.

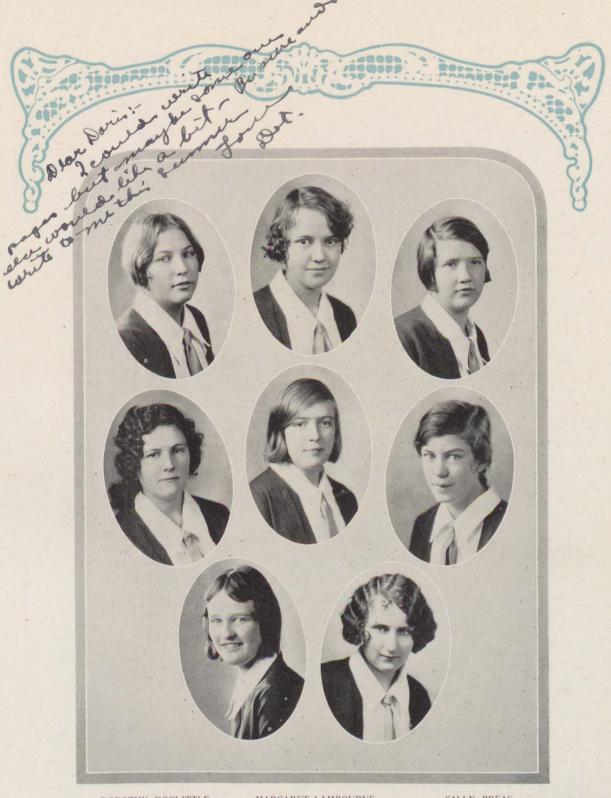
Flower: Shamrock

CLASS OFFICER

Margaret Lambourne President

Dorothy Doolittle Vice-President

Sally Preas . . . Secretary-Treasurer



DOROTHY DOOLITTLE
VIRGINIA FORSYTHE
MARY VIRGINIA MURGOTTEN

MARGARET LAMBOURNE
MARY REBECCA HAWLEY

SALLY PREAS FRANCES POTTS NORA McELROY



OUT OF THE DECK





EIGHTH CLASS





Oh we want to make our school the best;
Our class the best; our school the best;
Oh we want to make our school the best,
So we will do our share.
We will work, never shirk, for the joys to be,
We'll work hard, for our class of '33
Oh we want to make our school the best;
Our class the best; our school the best;
So we will do our share.

-Jessie Jones

Motto: Liberty or Death.

Colors: Black and White.

Flower: Violet.

CLASS OFFICERS

Jessie Jones .				. Presid	lent
Yummie Wilson				Vice-Presid	lent
Margaret Pellet .			Secr	etary-Treasi	urer



YUMMIE WILSON JESSIE JONES MARGARET PELLET

BETTY RAMSEY JOY BILLINGSLEY ELEANOR WARDLAW









LOWER SCHOOL





Sixth and Seventh Classes

Left to Right, Front Row—Jane Allen Roberts, Betty Tyler, Nancy Relf, Helen Talbot, Lydia Peter. Back Row—Mary Alice Stark, Josephine Barnhill, Dorothy James, Charlotte Merry. Not in Picture— Margaret Keyser, Marie Bamberger.

The Twelve Canaries

CANARY SONG

We are canaries jolly and gay,
We try to show we're working day by day;
We help others and have a lot of fun,
And we'll try to make the room full of sun.

—Nancy Relf.

During a gymnasium class in winter, we started to make a fort of snow. After the period was over, we were so delighted by the prospect of building a fort that we kept on. Days of enthusiastic work followed. Finally it was six feet high. In it were two rooms and benches of snow. There were spyholes in the walls. We organized ourselves as Defenders of the Fort, hoisted a flag, and warded off the attacks of the other girls. When it grew warmer and the snow melted away, we were very sad, but we are looking forward to another winter when we can rebuild our fort.

-Lydia Louise Peter, Sixth Grade



Fourth and Fifth Classes

Left to Right, Front Row—Sereta Jones, Peggy Whelan, Nancy Traul, Mary Jane Weber, Ruth Doelle. Back Row—Betty Gene McAlister, Virginia Bussell, Betty Keyser. Not in Picture—Gloria Bamberger, Uluetta Prinsen.

The Ten Little Tanagers

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

Betty Keyser						. President
Mary Jane Weber .						
Peggy Whelan						
Nancy Traul						. Treasurer
The above is a clu	b who	ose pu	irpose	is to	study	the birds, and
to develop a love and a	apprea	ciatio	n of r	ature		

SUNSET

The sun sets at the end of day.

The light of day soon fades away;

The sun falls into the laughing brook,

And darkness lurks in every nook.

The birds fall asleep and the flowers too,

And you see in the sky, drapes of purple hue.

The stars make the sky like a city of light,

And it looks very brilliant in the still dark night.

—Betty Gene McAlister



The Primary Class

Left to Right, Front Row—Winifred Larsen, Robin Parker, Ward Mathews, Kathryn Wright. Back Row— Eugenia Pennick, Peggy Merry, Girlie McHarg, Jane Cowan, Joan Keyser. Not in Picture—Hoyt Smith.

PUSSY WILLOW

Pussy Willow had had a very long nap. The sun was shining brightly and the birds were back from the south. They asked where Pussy Willow was. The sun said, "She is asleep, but I will wake wake her." So the sun rapped at her door but she did not answer. Pretty soon the clouds grew dark, and it began to rain. The rain asked where Pussy Willow was. The sun said, "She is asleey." "I will wake her," said the rain, He rapped but Pussy did not answer. The sun called to Pussy Willow. She then put on her soft, gray, furry bonnet. The children cried, "Spring is here, for Pussy Willow is out."

-Perry Merry





ACTIVITIES



Editorial Staff

Betty O'Connor, '29	. Editor-in-Chief
Helen Keyser, '30	Assistant Editor
Dianthalin Lollin, '29	. Business Manager
Mary Jane Caldwell, '31.	. Advertising Manager
Virginia Allison, '31	Assistant
Betty Smith, '31	
Alice Dick, '29	Literary Editor
Anne Wallace, '30	Assistant
Delight Dole, '30	Art Editor
Margaret Skelton, '29 .	. Photography Editor
Doris Hunt, '30	Assistant
Eleanor Blitz, '29	Athletic Editor
Dorothy Drake, '29	Joke Editor
Elizabeth Boice, '30 .	Typist
Martha Page Porter, '31 .	Typist
Rena Rae Van Fossen .	Faculty Advisor
F. A. Gregory	Business Advisor



The Staff

If the rest of the school is an enthusiastic in receiving The Rambler as the girls of the Staff have been in producing it, the 1929 annual will justify its production. These girls, by their untiring efforts, combined with Miss Van Fossen's and Mr. Gregory's gracious asisstance with the literary and financial problems, and with Miss Gaines' invaluable advice and support, have struggled to produce a book not inferior to its predecessors. To them, to the Staff's advisors and to Miss Gaines, for their loyal work and interest, I offer deep gratitude and appreciation.

—The Editor



HELEN KEYSER Directress

VIRGINIA ALLISON Assistant DORIS HUNT Secretary

ALICE DICK MARY MOULTON LAURENA McBRIDE DELIGHT DOLE GERALDINE HOSMER LETA HAVILAND BETTY O'CONNOR

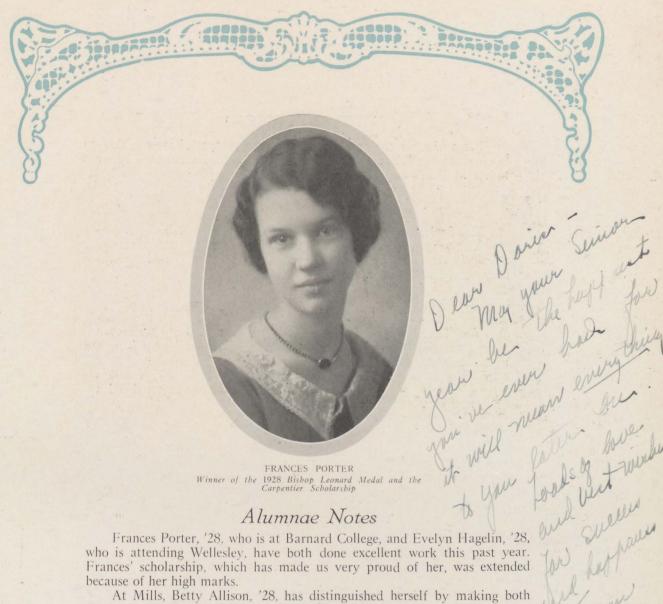
SALLY PREAS REBECCA HAWLEY MARGARET SKELTON Treasurer

MARTHA PAGE PORTER MARY JANE CALDWELL

The Altar Guild

The Alter Guild is an organization devoted to the care of the Chapel and its accessories. Its members keep the Chapel in readiness for a service or inspection at any time, by seeing that the Altar linen is clean and the Sacristy neatly arranged.

Since each morning is so suitably begun with services in the Chapel, which is in the care of the Altar Guild, the organization is a vital and integral part of our school life.



the basketball squad and the debating team of her class.

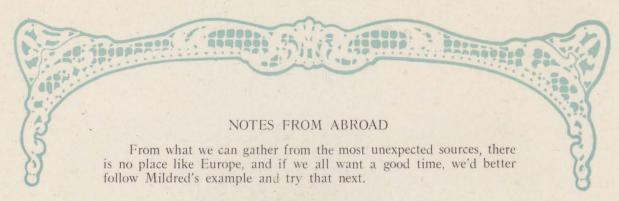
Mildred Mickelson, '28, writes home of the most fascinating experiences of her trip around the world with the Floating University.

Kay Hardy and Dorothy Cunningham, both of '28, are attending the University of Utah along with several girls of the class of '27.

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1929

Dorothy Jane Tohmpson Anna Mae Miller Ruth Lee Mildred Anderson Edna Grieve Olive Wood Lela Dixon Eleanor Story Alberta Jamieson Irene McClure Barbara Myers Mary Kern

We have talked to you so often, girls, and have laughed over the many good times we spent together here at school. If only you were here, instead of in the four corners of the earth, to graduate with us in June, for without you the class of '29 feels incomplete.



FIRST CLASS PARTY

The Senior's started the party ball rolling this year by entertaining the Sophomores. The two classes were agreeably entertained by a very clever comedy at the Playhouse after which they had refreshments at a confectioner's.

THANKSGIVING BAZAAR

The Thanksgiving Bazaar and the Junior card party were even more successful this year than last. The Alumnae not only bought a great many tickets to the Senior dinner but even had a booth of their own. The booths themselves cleverly portrayed a windmill, a well, a log cabin, a gypsy's tent and an oriental shrine of mystery and did a great deal to attract interest.

LUNCHEON AT THE CATES' HOME

Miss Jane Christenson entertained the girls of the Senior and Sophomore classes at a lovely iuncheon at her home immediately upon their return to school after the Christmas holidays.

EASTER EGG HUNT

The parties of the Lower School, like their secret societies, are usually too much of a mystery to fall into the hands of a mere Senior reporter. On Easter Monday, however, the Upper School had the opportunity of watching from a distance a very amusing and exciting Easter Egg Hunt which the Lower School was enjoying out on the lawn.

JANE BERING ENTERTAINS

One of the most charming luncheons of the year was given by Miss Jane Bering at her home for the members of the Junior class.

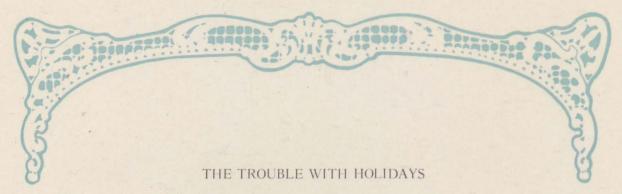
COMING EVENTS

May and June promise to be crowded with gay parties of all kinds. Near the first of May comes the Junior-Freshman class party, which, it appears, will be a picnic followed by a swim in the Keyser pool. The Sophomore-Senior party of uncertain date, will probably be a dinner. The Freshies promise to entertain the Juniors at the end of May but, as yet, they have given no particulars concerning their plans.

Many parties are being planned in honor of the Seniors, among which the most important are the Junior dance and the Senior breakfast.



ALICE DICK Chosen by the Faculty as Representative Rowland Hall Girl, June, 1928



The things about Christmas that arouse my spite
Are the poems and stories we have to write.
I've thought and written most half the night,
And nothing seems to end just right.
All holidays are ever the same;
To spoil them all, 'tis just a shame.
If only one teacher would fail to remember
That poems are due in blissful December!
—Dorothy Doolittle, '32

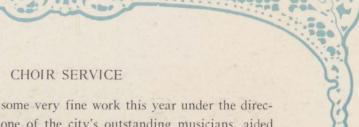
THE VALLEY OF FUN

I like to play in the Valley of Fun with you, Where meadows are green and skies are blue, Where we may wade in each cold stream, And lie by the banks and quietly dream. Here and there we may romp and shout; Laugh and play, run and dance about. So come, little friend, away with me, Where we can laugh and play with glee; Where schools and books vanish quite away And leave to us a joyous day. Let our troubles swiftly run, And leave us to our Valley of Fun.

—Eleanor Wardlaw, '33



FINE ARTS



Our choir has done some very fine work this year under the direction of Mrs. Plummer, one of the city's outstanding musicians, aided by Mr. Eberly, an accomplished organist.

In November, The Reverend Mr. Hayes invited the choir to sing in St. Luke's Church at Park City. A trio consisting of Mr. Skelton, Margaret Skelton, violins, and Mr. Eberly, organ, gave several selections, among them the "Andantino" and Schubert's "Serenade." After the service, the choir members were pleasantly surprised with a hot lunch, which the women of the church thoughtfully arranged in preparation for the long ride home.

The Easter Service at the Cathedral, long anticipated by the girls, is a result of diligent work, in recognition of which the choir breakfast is held at the school on Easter morning. The Seniors then leave the choir, and new members are admitted, who, with the others, begin practicing for the Commencement exercises, which are held at the Cathedral.

THE CANDLE AND CAROL SERVICE

The Candle and Carol Service is one of the outstanding events of the year. This year the Chapel was hung with festoons of cedar and masses of evergreen boughs and tiny Christmas trees filled the air with fragrance. The light from many candles high upon the walls and above the Altar softly illumined the room and provided a perfect atmosphere for the quaint old carols and beautiful hymns which make Christmas so full of meaning. Above a tiny manger in front of the Altar gleamed the Christmas Star, the symbol of nativity. Slowly down the aisle moved the vested choir, bearing tall lighted candles and echoing the words that never lose their appeal. The sweet voices of the primary choir as angels, added an attractive touch with their songs of the Christ child. A most impressive finale was the procession of the younger children, as heralds in quaint costumes of red and green.



Hallowe'en

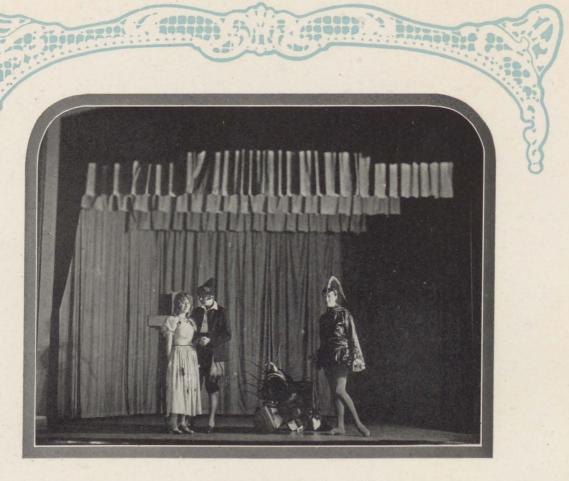
Hallowe'en, with its witches and ghosts, its apples and cider, marked the beginning of the festivities of the school year. The spirit of the occasion was well brought out by appropriate corn-stalk decorations and dimly shaded lights. The stunts too were in keeping with the season. The combined Lower School classes presented an attractive playlet which told the history of Hallowe'en. The Eighth Class, dressed as dolls, sang original songs which were especially clever. A very unusual jack-in-the-box idea was the Freshman offering, which was followed by the Sophomores' beautifully costumed Japanese song and dance act. The Juniors used a shadow screen with which they produced most grotesque effects, and the Seniors won the banner with their Chinese burlesque play, "Pretty Plum-Pit."

Entertainments

The carnival spirit reigned supreme at the first Senior entertainment. The main attractions were singing and dancing and a pantomine in which Miss Berle captured much applause.

Though the Faculty has suggested "Never Say Die" as a motto for the Mummer's Plays, the undaunted Seniors presented two more of these unfailing productions, which were well received by most of the audience.

Everyone is eagerly awaiting the Junior play and take-off, which is scheduled for the first part of June. The present Seniors hope the present Juniors will be more lenient and less frank than last year's Juniors, in the matter of the take-off.

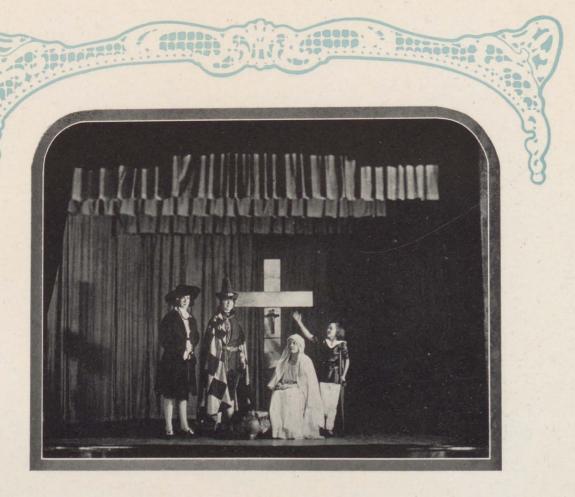


"The Piper"

Presented by THE SENIOR CLASS Saturday, May 4, 1929

CHARACTERS STROLLING PLAYERS

Michael-the-Sword-l	Eater										Alice Dick
Cheat-the-Devil .							٠.				. Dorothy Drake
		M	EN	OF	H	AN	IEL	IN			
Jacobus, the Burgor	meister										Eleanor Blitz
Kurt, the Syndic.											Betty Smith
											. Elizabeth Preas
											. Jane Christenson
Axel, the Smith						7.					. Dorothy DeArmond
											Doris Hunt
Peter, the Sacristan									1	Mary	Elizabeth Hawthorne



"The Piper"

Anslem, a young priest
Old Claus, a miser
Town Crier
WOMEN OF HAMELIN
Veronika, the wife of Kurt
Barbara, the daughter of Jacobus Betty O'Connor
Wife of Hans, the Butcher Virginia Allison
Wife of Axel, the Smith
Wife of Martin, the Watch
Old Ursula Laurena McBride
CHILDREN OF HAMELIN
Jan
Hansel
Ilse
Trude
Rudy



"The Piper"

OTHER CHILDREN

Gloria Bamberger, Hoyt Smith, Robin Parker, Katherine Wright, r, Hoyt Smith, Robin . Eugenia Pennick, Joan Keyser. Priests

Burghers

EXECUTIVE STAFF

SCENES

ACT I. The Market Place in Hamelin. ACT II. Scene I Inside the 'Hollow Hill'.

Scene II. The Cross Ways.

ACT III. The Cross Ways.

The Market Place. ACT IV.

One week is supposed to elapse between Acts I and II.

Acts II and III occupy one day.

Act IV concerns the following morning.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

Bob Moore, Flute

Entr'acte

Mr. George E. Skelton, 1st violin; Miss Jessie Jones, 2nd violin; Mr. Lawrence Eberly, piano.



ATHLETICS



SENIORS	JUNIORS
A. Dick Center E. Blitz . Forward B. O'Connor . Forward D. Lollin	J. Bering (C) Center H. Keyser Forward D. Dole Forward A. Wallace Guard D. Hunt Guard
SOPHOMORES	FRESHMEN
V. Allison Center L. McBride Forward M. J. Caldwell Forward M. P. Porter Forward B. Smith Guard E. Preas (C) Guard M. Moulton Substitute	M. Murgotten Center S. Preas (C) Forward D. Doolitle Forward N. McElroy Guard R. Hawley Guard V. Forsythe Guard M. Lambourne Guard

TOURNAMENT SCORES

Seniors-Juniors .				,	30-29
Sophomore-Freshmen					48-13
Senior-Sophomore					28-27
Junior-Freshmen			,		57-19
Senior-Freshmen .		¥			51-7
Junior-Sophmore					38-19



TENNIS

Many girls, both boarders and day pupils, went out for tennis which was made a requirement for the R. H. letters this year, thereby stimulating interest for the game.

SWIMMING

Swimming classes are held every Wednesday and on occasional Saturdays. As the majority of the girls take great pleasure in learning new strokes and dives, our crop of promising mermaids is steadily increasing.

RIDING

At the beginning of the year, Miss Weber organized a riding club for the members of the Upper School, and supervised many eventful rides during the Fall. In the spring hurdling is taught to the most ambitious horsemen.

WINTER SPORTS

During the winter, the cement court was flooded to provide a rink where the girls enjoyed many hours of skating. Skiing and coasting also proved very popular, though many amateurs found it very difficult to keep one skii from under the other.

VOLLEY BALL AND BASEBALL

Two of the most prominent spring sports are volley ball and baseball. In the tournament which was held between the two upper classes to determine the volley champions, the Seniors came out on top.

Cobblemore

Pitrica

It sat in the car waiting for the Cobblemore bus to come along. There was a rumbling, then a speck way down the road. "Los Angeles bus," commented another briefly. "Or Cobblemore," said I. And it was. When the lumbering gray automobile stopped, I climbed aboard into the midst of a crowd of excited girls. Then came a tearing of gears and, before I knew it, we were wish-washing up a snowy country road. Our bus slowed down, and stopped. The driver shook his head dubiously, but we finally made it. Next, we were unceremoniously dumped out and told to walk. Why will these people who live in the country have such long driveways? Anyway, we got there, and what could be a better greeting than fresh hot doughnuts?

Once settled, we rushed off to get in as much skiing as was humanly possible before lunch. Some persisted in crashing down a nearly perpendicular mountainside on a toboggan, to the great detriment of all parts of the anatomy. Then came lunch, but what's the use of describing it? Suffice it to say that there were not enough scraps left to feed the chickens. After drying our sopping clothes, we sailed forth. There was a marked improvement in the skiing, and a turn for the worse, or the better, in the snow. When we returned, tired and dripping, we found the Seniors searching our rooms. Their food had been stolen.

After a sumptuous chicken dinner, we all went out to an enormous bonfire, composed of young trees, where we toasted marshmallows. The hot-dogs were abducted, but were brought back by a scouting party. Next, a wedding was held in the living room, Blitz being the groom, and Martha Page the bride. Miss Bromiley officiated and Miss Weber provided the music. Shortly afterward, girls began to appear in pajamas, but were promptly squelched by the powers that were.

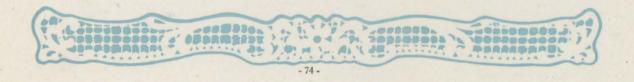
To bed we started, but alas! Most of us couldn't retire, for some miscreant has caused the pajamas to disappear in the most mysterious manner, nor were the faculty spared! After a noisy search, they (the pajamas, not the faculty) were located in the eighth grade wash-stand. Then, the Senior's food recovered, we went to bed, but not to sleep. May the person who invented blankets that lop over one side of a bed, leaving the occupants out in the cold, be condemned to eternal torture!

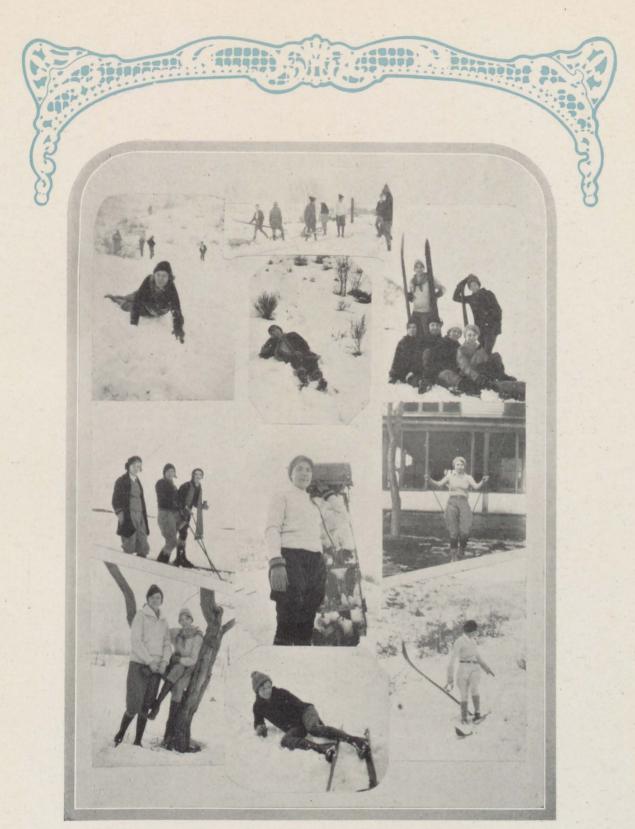
When one eats candy bars at two A.M., one is not hungry for breakfast, so I missed that most excellent meal.

On going out a while later, we found that the country had been turned into one sloppy lake. We stepped on snow which appeared firm and were precipitated into a subterranean sea. All hopes for skiing being quite destroyed, we betook ourselves to higher and drier regions to hike, returning in time to roll our packs before lunch.

After our last farewells, Mr. Hesse transported us through the river forming his driveway, to our waiting bus, which skidded down the road, and roared up State Street, arriving at our starting point of two days before. Once home, we vowed that we would visit Cobblemore again.

—Anne Wallace, '30





I FAW DOWN GIRLS MORE GIRLS?

SO DID I

BUT WE DIDN'T OUR LAURENER THIS WAY, PLEASE!



Athletic Association

Eleanor Blitz								President
Anne Wallace.					*		. Vi	ce-President
Mary Moulton						Secr	etar	y-Treasurer

Greater interest is aroused in athletics by the awarding of R's and H's to those members who have earned a given number of points in swimming, rowing, tennis, hiking and in similar sports.

The annual picnic, held at Rotary Grove, is given in honor of the new members and is a social event long remembered as a red-letter-day in the annuals of the association.



FEATURES



VICTIM: Alice Dick

AILMENT: Calling up her father. CURE: Install a pay telephone.



VICTIM: Dianthalin Lollin.
AILMENT: Too qu'et.
CURE: Cobblemore.

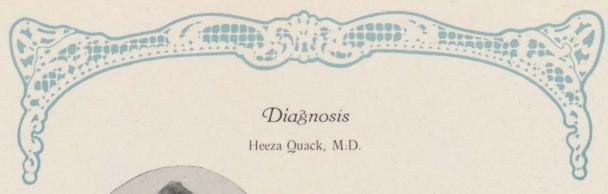


VICTIM: Margaret Skelton.

AILMENT: De Molay Dances.

CURE: I don't want to be cured.



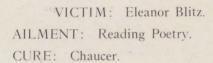




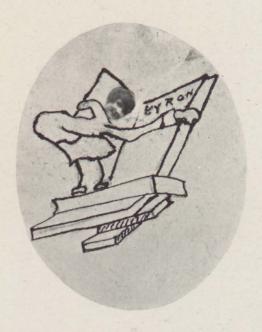
VICTIM: Betty O'Connor.

AILMENT: "MY Goo'ness."

CURE: Lockjaw.





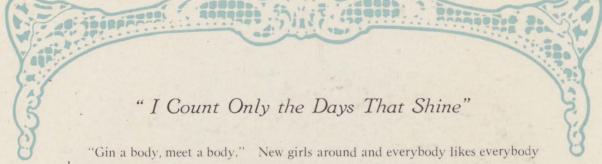


VICTIM: Dorothy Drake.

AILMENT: Love Affairs.

CURE: Rowland Hall.

(P. S. Only it didn't work.)



"My fairest child, I have no song to give you." The Freshies, in spite of

Seniors, fail to use their vocal chords during lunch.

"Dark fell the night, the watch was set." The boarders begin a system of

alarm clocks for pre-sun-rising study.
"Half a league, half a league." The A. A. picnic brings forth flat feet and

"Fair stood the wind for France." Mademoiselle's shoes blow up comment, "My dear, they're the last word!"

"That is the meaning of the song.' Mrs. Plummer takes over the choir.

"All the world's a stage." Everybody practices everywhere for Halowe'en

"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." The beginning of the Christmas music is sending the boarders insane.

"The blessed damozel leaned out." Ask Gerry the use of fire escapes.

"It was the winter wild." Snow flakes as big as pancakes.
"Oh, Sleep! it is a gentle thing." There is no rest for the weary. Now it's Cicero papers.

"There's a good time coming, boys." Much talk of "hims" and home.

"But a week is so long." Just this week and then VACATION!

"Adieu! my native shore." The boarders shake off the holiday excitement and fall back into the old atmosphere.

"My days pass pleasantly away." Miss Gaines' master stroke for a perfect

week was a tea for the Altar Guild and Choir.

"O terribly proud was Miss MacBride." Some candy company has featured

Laurena's wit and rewarded her for a "wise-crack."
"When the lessons and tasks are all ended." Relief! Cobblemore, skiis and how!

"I'm tired of planning and toiling." Poor Blitzie and her card party. "Toll for the brave." Alas, O seniors, where are Mrs. Hoffman's plays?

"Soldiers rest, thy warfare o'er" Drake's team acclaimed champions after the Sophomore defeat.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue." Faculty-Senior game.

"The year's at the spring." Easter and the Choir breakfast. "Hence, loathed Melancholy." Spring vacation. "Hence, vain deluding Joys." Back to the old grind.

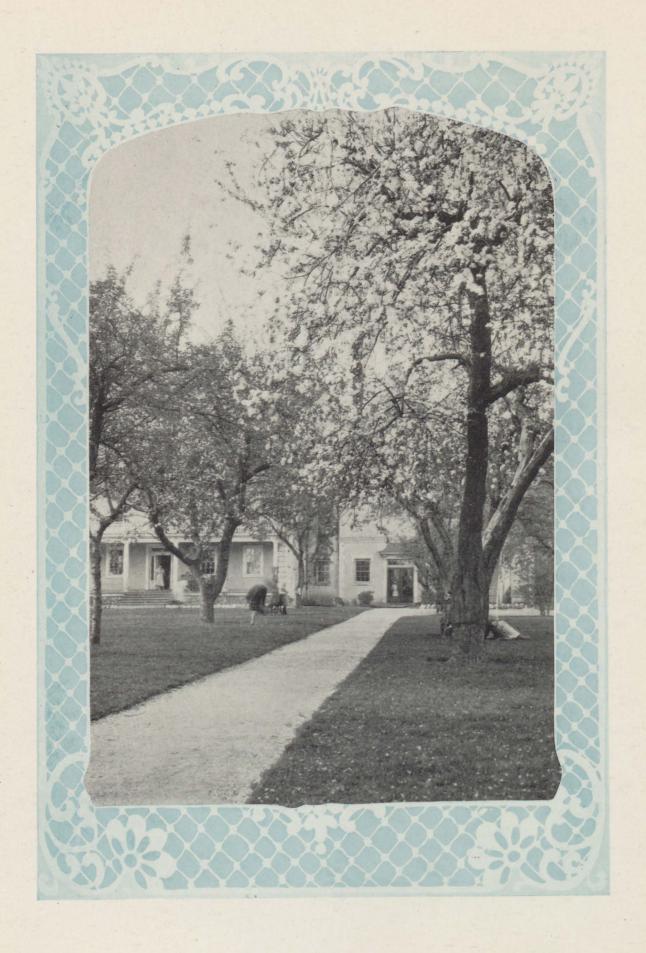
"Between the dark and the daylight." Early morning study again.
"The play is done, the curtain drops." Well, Piper, have you piped your last? "To drum beat and heart beat," and saxophone squall. The Junior Prom with

the usual last minute decisions of dress and "date".
"My short and happy day is done." The class of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine graduates.

-Alice Dick









FACULTY



MISS CALLIE B. GAINES

Principal of Rowland Hall



RENA RAE VAN FOSSEN
Instructor in English
University of Michigan
Leland Stanford University

MARION BROMILEY Instructor in Mathematics University of Pennsylvania Advisor for Class of 1932

MARJORIE BERLE
Instructor in Latin and History
Radcliffe College
Advisor for Class of 1929

FANNY JONES
Instructor in Bible and History
Advisor for Class of 1933
Training College of British and
Foreign School Society
Darlington, England

ANNA DU BOIS
Instructor in French
LYCIE FERRY PARIS
La Sorbonne

ROWENA K. DAHLQUIST

Instructor in Physical Education

Sargents School for Physical Education

Advisor for Class of 1931





GWENDOLYN McREYNOLDS Sixth and Seventh Classes University of Wyoming

BETH WEBBER

Primary Classes

Valparaiso University
Iowa State Teachers College

EDNA FARNSWORTH TRAUL
Fourth and Fifth Classes
University of Utah

LAWRENCE E. EBERLY
Head of Music Department
University of Utah
Columbia University

MARIAN MACMURRY

Instructor in Vocal

New England Conservatory

GEORGE E. SKELTON Instructor in Violin Trinity College London





MARY AGNES SULGROVE
Instructor in Dancing
Vestoff-Serova
Imperial Russian Ballet School

SARAH C. REA House Mother

FRANCES SELBY RAGAR

Instructor in Art

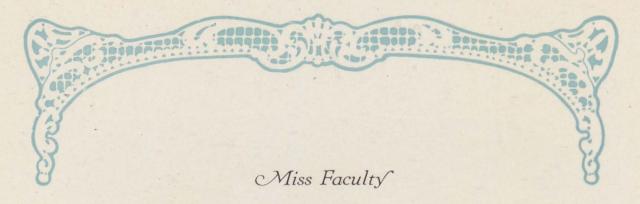
University of Utah
Chouinards School of Art

F. A. GREGORY Business Manager EDNA WEBER

Secretary

Simmons College Boston
Advisor for Class of 1930





This is a meek attempt to make A teacher quite ideal; And so from our fond Faculty These attributes I steal:

The knowledge Miss Van Fossen has, For she must be well-read; Miss Bromiley's pep and sportsmanship Without which she'd seem dead.

Miss Berle's eyes and eye lashes To beautify her face; Mrs. Dahlquist's lithe figure To add a touch of grace.

Since clothes indeed do make the man, She shall have Ma'm'zelle's style; What kind of creature would she be Without Miss Weber's smile?

Mrs. Jones' fair-mindedness And pleasantness toward all; Miss Gaines unquenchable desire To better Rowland Hall.

I hope that after all's been said You will agree with me, That if she ever should exist, You'd like Miss Faculty.



CLASSES



O, Beauty ye guiding gleams of light,
Fairer than dreams of night,
Dear mirror of the soul.
Within the heart alone,
Lies there a part of truth . .
Not from the senses roll all that is known,
But from the heart of beauty is
Beauty from beauty born.

Shining fair the blue of skies above
Are the soft eyes of love
Which light the heart of truth,
So it will dwell in rest
Within the dell of life—
Not from the world or youth,
But from the breast .
Rings forth the knell of beauty
From beauty is beauty born!

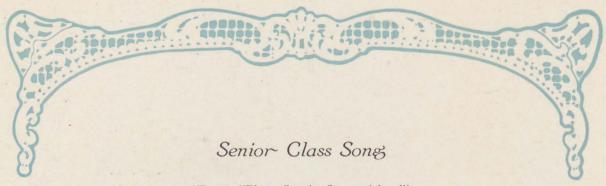
All around the fleeing day of light The fading ray so bright Has more than gleaming gold. Splendor divine within, Outward, must shine to tell Not from the world or fold, Nor from life's sin . . But from the mine of beauty It beauty from beauty born.





SENIORS





(Tune: "Flow Gently Sweet Afton") Strive onward, Ye Seniors, Along through the years; Strive onward and upward And conquer thy fears. Let truth be thy watchword And victory is thine, Make honor thy armor And faith be thy sign. Let hope be thy banner, And kindness thy shield; Let virtue be chosen The sword that you wield. Then battle together And when it is done, Then Seniors rejoice, Life's battle is won.

-Alice Dick

Motto: Look before you leap.

Colors: Blue and Gray. Flower: Forget-me-not.

CLASS OFFICERS

Alice Dick			Presider	rt
Dianthalin Lollin			. Vice-Presider	ıt
Margaret Skelton .			Secretary-Treasure	er



ALICE MARGARET DICK

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich" Class President, 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Editor of Class President, 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Editor of Year Book, 4; Assistant, 1, 2, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 1, 2, 3; Volley Ball, 2, 3, 4; Class Play, 3, 4; Altar Guild, 3, 4; Vice-President, 3; Choir. 3, 4; Cercle Francais, 3, 4.





DIANTHALIN LOLLIN

"A woman's face with natures own band

Hadst thou-A woman's gentle heart."

Vice-President of Class, 4; Business Manager of Year Book, 4; Assistant Athletic Editor, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 2, 3; Class Play, 3, 4; Cercle Francais, 3, 4.



MARGARET SKELTON

"She hath an excellent good name"
Secretary of Class, 3, 4; Photographer Editor of Year Book, 4; Music Editor, 3; Class Play, 3, 4; Secretary of Altar Guild, 3, 4; Choir, 3, 4; Cercle Francais, 4.

DOROTHY DRAKE

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Joke Editor of Year Book, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Basketball Captain, 4; Volley Ball, 3, 4; Class Play, 3, 4; A. A., 3, 4; Cercle Francais, 3, 4.





"As full of spirit as the month of May."

Editor-in-Chief of Year Book, 4; Assistant Editor, 3; Vice-President of Class, 2; Vice-President of A. A., 3; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball, 2, 3, 4; Class Play, 3, 4; Altar Guild, 3, 4; Choir, 3, 4; Cercle Francais, 3, 4.

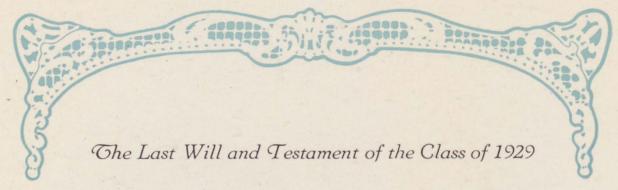




ELEANOR BLITZ

"The hand that made you fair hath made you good."

Athletic Editor of Year Book, 4; President of A. A., 4; Basketball, 4; Volley Ball, 4; Class Play, 4.



Know ye all that we, the class of one thousand nine hundred and twentynine, being neither deaf, dumb, blind nor feeble-minded, and acting with the customary disregard of insignificant opinions, do hereby publish and declare our last will and testament, all former ones being null and void:

First. To the Faculty, we offer our deepest sympathy for their incomsolable loss at our departure.

Second. To our beloved Sophomores, we leave our ability to do all thingh with quiet efficiency, and our never-failing happiness and patience.

Third. To the Freshmen we bequeath our red flannel nightgowns, in gracious return for the pajamas.

Fourth. To the Eighth class, we hopefully bequeath our uniforms and the dignity they clothe.

Fifth. To the Juniors, we leave our drug store bills.

Sixth. To anyone who has the moral courage to stage their sixth production, we leave our Mummer Plays.

Seventh. To Doris, Dorothy bequeaths her collection of dime novels, who, after diligent perusal, shall pass them on to Miss Van Fossen.

Eighth. To Anne, Blitz, after deep deliberation, leaves her letters from numerous devoted swains.

Ninth. To Bacchus, Diane bequeaths her ability to keep study-hall in docile submission.

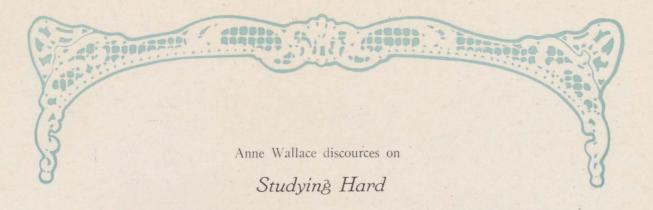
Tenth. To Gerry, Alice leaves her high marks, with orders to throw away the alarm clock.

Eleventh. To Dedo, Betty leaves her agility in manipulating her hair, on condition that the former will not make use of it in study hall.

Twelfth. To Elizabeth, Di and Betty leave their popularity with Ma'm'zelle.

Thirteenth. To Helen, Dorothy leaves her large bone hair pins.

Fourteenth. To Jane, Margaret bequeaths her violin cases, provided the former does not attempt to use them as shoes.



We sit at our dask with a pile of books before us: French English, Latin, math., history. We decide to take them in order as they come in school, which means that French leads the field.

We plunge desperately in, and go on bravely for about two pages, looking up every second or third word. Then we decide that we must let that go till later, and, leaving our old plan of campaign, we choose the fourth

period subject, namely Latin.

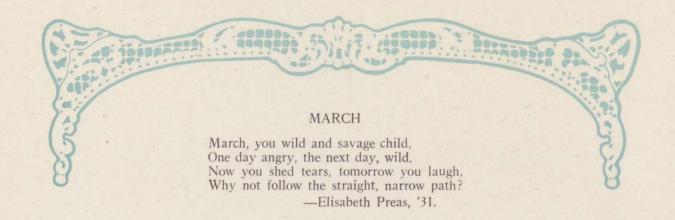
We look up the assignment, and draw a few pictures in our assignment book by way of amusement. We discover that the Latin lesson is on composition. In despair we vigorously draw and erase a few more pictures on the table. We then screw up courage to look at the lesson. Then; a deep silence, except for the scribbling of a pencil and the rattling of pages as we look up words. We decide that there is no time to copy it now, and hope vaguely that we will get to school early enough tomorrow morning to do it then.

It is now quite late, so we hurry on to math. We work desperately, with visions of the poor-creature-who-did-not-have-her-lesson looming threat-eningly before our eyes. When we are about finished, we tell ourselves that the rest can be done in study period, hoping that the Freshmen will not make too much noise at said time.

Then we do English, leaving it also to be copied in the morning, along with the Latin. The clock strikes—one hour late for bed already—and in comes the dog, desiring to be scratched on the nose, behind the ears, and anywhere else that dogs like to be scratched, and we just can't refuse him. Then he gets interested in our shoe, and we must wiggle it up and down to amuse him.

By this time, the house is quiet. We begin to feel a b't guilty, so we snatch up our history book, hoping that we can study it while in the bath tub, or at any other odd moment while getting to bed. But wait! Here is spelling—we almost forgot it; never mind, we can look it over on the way to school, if we don't forget it.

And so passes the evening, and we take ourselves to bed.



IF MY DESK COULD SPEAK

Lone words, disconnected phrases, disjointed exclamations, would, I believe, form the speech of my desk were it to talk, for such must be the way it gathers impressions of events, faces and time.

No doubt its first impression of me, our meeting, would be expressed somewhat like this: "Such an inconsiderate girl, to cram me tightly with uncompanionable books, temperamental volumes, and even books whose colors clash most shockingly! This morning a Latin prose was casting disdainful looks at a French verb book, even making remarks about its inferior and provincial antecedents. Yes, my noontime siesta was rudely disturbed by an indigent, woeful Algebra text, who had apparently been noticeably slighted by this thoughtless, scatter-brained girl."

Again the old desk might become reconciled to its occupant, never uttering a word until, driven at last by curiosity, it would querie: "She frowns, fitfully raps my back with a pencil, mumbling all the while, "No Pinecrest—quoi faire—no skiing—no snow—oh rats!"

skiing-no snow-oh rats!"

The pen-scarred, memory-laden desk preserves a discreet silence for many a day, but at length it gives vent to words: "What a clatter! Goodness, my ears; will she never calm down? I hear nothing but clatter, clatter from Chapel to gym. What's this now? Horrors, Bible today? I'm sunk!"

Thus from week to week, from month to month, the desk speaks. Do its

impressions differ from down the years?

—Geraldine Hosmer, '30

ODE ON THE DEATH OF FOCH

Warrior, yet author of peace, Father of the Frenchmen true, Fate has given you pain's surcease While the world is mourning you.

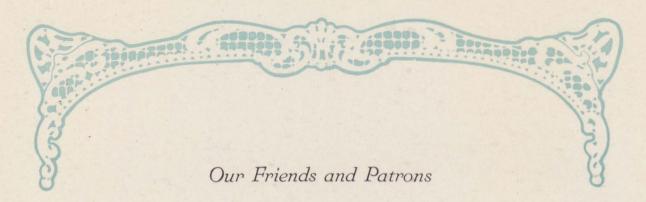
Why mourn they for an infranchised soul, One that so gallantly did its best, As you Death's gleaming wings enfold And lay your weary soul to rest.

—Jane Christenson, '31



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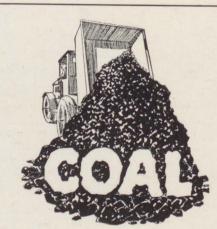
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Margaret: "Well, he wasn't very pleased."

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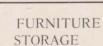
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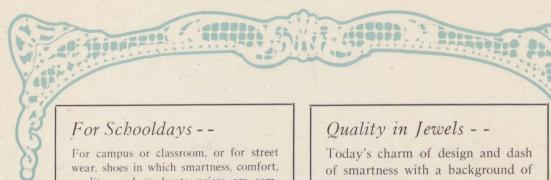
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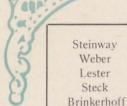
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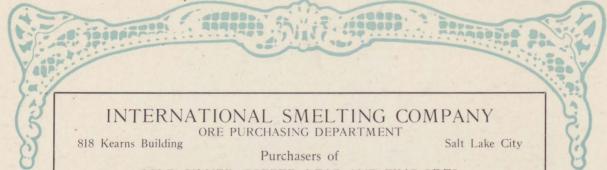
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